

# The Burning Shame ;

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## Covent-Garden \* Morning Frolick.

Being an Account of some Odd and Humorous Pranks which were play'd off Yesterday Morning between Three Persons of Fortune and Peg Tear'em a Washerwoman.

**T**HAT merry Monarch King Charles the Second, was not only highly delighted with the mad Pranks of the Earl of Roehester and other Courtiers, but often made one himself in their humerous Adventures ; but of all their Tricks none came up to this, which is as follows. Three Gentlemen of high Rank, in a frolicksome Humour, met with a poor Washerwoman under the little Piazza in Covent-Garden about Three o' Clock in the Morning, who was going to a Day's Work ; " 's Blood, Jack, says one, let's see if this Woman has not got Run-goods about her " and immediately began to rummage her lower Apartments. Says Margery, " I assure you, Gentlemen, you will find nothing there but what has been fairly Enter'd ; and if you will but put your Noses to it, you will be convinc'd that I carry a wholesome *British* Commodity about me. We'll not take your Word, you Slut, says they, and immediately one of them Gaug'd the Cask. Upon his declaring all was Right, they concluded among themselves to make Margery amends for the Affront they had put upon her, in disputing the Goodness of her Ware. They said so good a Thing ought to be properly ornamented, and turning Margery's Smock and Petticoat over her Head, ty'd them close over it ; they then hung her Candle and Lanthorn in a String just before Margery's *Dumb-Glutton*, and in that manner march'd in Triumph with her to Bloomsbury Square, and knock'd at the Gentleman's Door she was going to, standing at a Distance to see the Event of their Frolick. The first that came to the Door was a West-Country Maid-Servant, who seeing so strange a Sight, and taking it for an Apparition, immediately fainted away. The rest of the Women-Servants being afraid to go to the Door, prevail'd on a blundering Irish Footman to go to the Spectre, and speak to it. Teague coming up, and seeing so odd a Figure, cries out, " O hu ! by Jesus, but this is not an Irish Ghost ! I never saw before I was born an Apparition with a Candle and Lanthorn stuck in her A-se ! In the Name of Jesus who are you ? Nobody but poor Margery, the Washerwoman, cries the poor Creature ; and for God's Sake desire the Maids to help to undo me, and then I'll tell you how I've been serv'd. Teague bursting into a Fit of Laughter, runs and tells the Maids who it was ; " By Heavens, says he, but they have made a Pudding-bag of her Petticoats to boil her Head in ; and they have cut a great Gash in her Belly and tied it round with a Counsellor's Perriwig. Upon my Conscience but it is true ; and they have hung a lighted Candle and Lanthorn before it, because nobody should see it, agra.

After a deal of Laughter on all sides, they untuck'd Margery, and on examining her Pockets she found they had robb'd her of her Pocket Gin-bottle ; but to comfort her for her Loss, they left in the room of it three fine Handkerchiefs, with a Guinea in each, which Margery thinks a charming Recompence for their Fun.